

STILL AT THE TOP!

We are the only, only. Do not be deceived by these so-called alluring advertisements calculating to give wrong impressions. Please bear in mind that our facilities for catering to the public of Arlington and vicinity are of the best, and no one has any better. Of what interest is it to the customer whether the goods are delivered from chopped ice, fish cart or automobile. Our only aim is to serve the public with nothing but the best of all kinds of fish in their season.

W. H. Webber & Son.
Telephone 48-3.
Ring us up!

Arlington Wood Working Co.,
MILL ST., ARLINGTON.

CABINET MAKING.
Mantels, Drawer Cases, Hall and Window Seats. Stair Work, Sawing and Turning.

Store and Office Fixtures,
DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS.
Porch Columns, Brackets and Balusters.
Greenhouse Stock and Hot-bed Sash.
GENERAL REPAIRING.

A postal will be answered personally for details of work. may261y

PICTURE FRAMES. CRAYONS.

Sitchfield Studio
655 Mass. Ave.,
Arlington, Mass.

PHOTOS. WATER COLORS.

H. B. JOHNSON,
Steam and Hot Water Heating,

Greenhouse Contractor, Steam Pump Repairer, etc.

PIPE AND FITTINGS FOR SALE BROADWAY AND WINTER STS.,
AT BOSTON PRICES. ARLINGTON.

Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and satisfaction guaranteed. Sept26,1y

MRS. MARGARET DALE

Hammocks of all kinds
for the summer at low
prices.

House and Kitchen Furnishings,
610 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,
TELEPHONE, 55-4 ARLINGTON.

WANTED,
25 Second-hand Bicycles in
trade for the 1900 Orient.

MOSELEY'S CYCLE AGENCY,
FOWLE BLOCK, ARLINGTON.

BEDDING PLANTS, CUT FLOWERS
AND FUNERAL DESIGNS

AT
W. W. Rawson's,
Cor. Medford and Warren Sts., Arlington.
mar17

For a good suit of clothes and a
guaranteed fit, go to
J. J. LOFTUS,
the leading tailor
Spring & Summer Goods Now In.
Repairing Neatly Done.
Ladies' tailoring
Sherburne Building, Arlington



WHO'S BOSS?

A few weeks ago we wrote regarding the shutting off of water from the main supply and not notifying the takers, thus enabling them to procure sufficient amount to last during the time required to fix a leak or make connections. Since that time the same incident has again occurred, and almost all day the water-takers were obliged to do without, and this at no little inconvenience.

On Tuesday notice was left at the town clerk's office to have water turned on from the street to supply a certain family who had moved in that day. Evening came and no water was forthcoming. Wednesday noon arrived, but still no water. Upon applying at that time at the town clerk's office it was ascertained that the proper slips had been made out immediately after notice had been left with the town clerk instructing the superintendent to have the water turned on. It was not, however, until three o'clock or after on Wednesday afternoon that a man was sent to turn on the water.

So far as we could learn, the registrar of water and the commissioners did their full duty, and have done and are trying to do so, but if they are to be ignored, certainly they cannot accomplish much.

The instances cited above are not exceptional cases—they keep on happening. The time to call a halt is now, even if a new superintendent has to be appointed.

INSTALLATION.

The officers of Bethel lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., were installed on Wednesday evening in the lodge room by Dist. Deputy Barker B. Howard of Mt. Vernon lodge of West Medford and his suite, which was composed of N. E. Wilbur, G. W.; F. Oxnard, G. S.; W. E. Ober, G. F. S.; C. A. Hearsey, G. T.; F. W. Ham, G. M. The officers installed were: N. G. George O. Goldsmith and V. G. David Buttrick. Bro. Goldsmith chose his officers as follows: R. S., George A. Sawyer. L. S., George A. Austin; W., Clarence Wilbur; O. G., John Hayes; C., F. Wood; I. G., W. M. Stewart; C., Walter A. Taft; R. and L. S. S., J. H. McLelland, Percy Grant; F. C., W. A. Taft, Oscar Needham, F. D. Wood. Bro. Buttrick appointed Oscar Needham, R. S., and John C. Waage, L. S.

After the closing of the lodge the deputy and suite, together with the brothers, partook of a fine repast, which all most heartily enjoyed.

JOHN J. LEARY,

Rubber-tired
Hacks for all
Occasions
I have a First-class Hack,
Livery and Boarding
Stable.

Stable, 428 High Street, West Medford.
Residence, 117 Medford St., Arlington.
Telephone, 37-2 Arlington.

Dr. G. W. Yale,
DENTIST,

At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Buildg.
ARLINGTON,
Open daily, also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

WM. ADDISON GREENE, M. D.

688 Mass. Ave., Arlington.
GRADUATE OF
DARTMOUTH '86
HARVARD POST GRADUATE '97.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10; A.M. 2-4 P.M. P.M.

The coolest place at the Heights is

Callaghan's Waiting-room
Ice Cream, Lunch, Confectionery,
Soda from pure juices, while waiting for
a Lexington car. Don't forget to call.
je27f

DERBY

DRUGS — SODA

1362 Mass. ave. cor. Park ave.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
je27f

ALEXANDER BEATON,
Contractor
and
Builder,

79 Hibbert street,
Arlington Heights.

STORE ENTERED.

Mr. Angelo Caterino notified the police Saturday morning last that his store in the Finance block had been entered, the money in the drawer taken, and also other articles confiscated. Officer Fred E. Smith at once set out on the case and brought one of the young lads to the station. He made a full acknowledgment, and gave the officer the name of his companion, who, being found in bed, was also ordered to the station. At first he denied the charge, but later broke down and made a full confession. The sum of \$14.25 was unearthed and the other plunder was found secreted about the house and brought to the station. The slat door in the rear of the store proved an easy way of entering without detection. The court held them in \$100 bail each, but were committed to the House of detention owing to no funds being given for their release.

The case came up in the juvenile court yesterday morning and the Lewis boy was sentenced to the reformatory at Concord, while the Law boy's case was laid over till Oct. 3, which means being put on probation. Both boys are sons of honorable families who have done all in their power to bring the lads up in the right way.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

The victory of the Boat club team on Saturday afternoon over the Melrose A. C. team on the home grounds was an easy one. The game lasted three hours, and was without special interest throughout. Both teams fielded very loosely. Leary, one of the university of Pennsylvania pitchers, was in the box for Melrose and was batted hard. The all-round playing of Loughlin of the Harvard team was the redeeming feature of the game. E. Wood and Saul also did good work for the Boat club and Martin and Montgomery excelled for Melrose. The score:

A B C	Melrose	A B C	Melrose
Loughlin m	4 3 1 0	Martine	2 6 7 0
Saul 2	2 1 2 0	Cush'n 12 m	0 3 1 1
Gray s	0 3 2 0	A Leach 3	2 2 4 1
W Clark'n 3	2 0 1 1	F Leach p 1	2 8 1 0
H Wood p	2 1 7 0	De'rho'n c r	0 0 0 0
Loran l	0 11 0 3	Harris l	1 1 0 1
O'Neill r	2 0 0 1	Montgom'y s l	4 1 1 1
Shean l	1 13 0 0	Buck 2 m	1 0 1 0
E Wood c	1 8 3 0	Leary p	1 0 1 1
Totals	14 27 16 5	Totals	10 24 11 5
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9		
A B C	1 1 0 1 0 5 2 0		
Melrose	0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 1-4		

GOLF CLUB.

On the Arlington links on Saturday afternoon the Winchester team defeated the Arlington team 21 to 8. The scores,

Arlington	Holes up	Winchester	Holes up
A French	2	J Russell	0
O Whittemore	0	A Russell	1
John Hardy, Jr	0	A Dorsey	5
Walton Leary	0	C Hunt	0
J Coleman, Jr	0	Lane	6
W H Wright	0	J Tucker	6
Total	8	Total	12

The state treasurer was late in sending in the state tax this year, and it was not till Saturday that the assessors were enabled to state what the tax for 1900 would be. Considering the large appropriations made last spring, the gain of only \$145,608.00 in real estate, the decrease in personal estate of \$246,893.00, it would seem the rate of \$18.00 on \$1,000 was a surprise, as each and every one thought \$19 would be low. The decrease in personal estate is decreasing with alarming rapidity. We feel certain that were all the personal brought to light the rate would be about one-half what it is.

Special Notice.

The use of water through hose for lawns, flowerbeds, washing windows, and sprinkling streets. is limited to one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 a. m. and one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m.

GEORGE W. LANE,
PETER SCHWAMB,
GEORGE P. WINN,
Water Commissioners.

July 7, 1900. 4t

ADVERTISE.

RARE BARGAINS

Half-Season Sale is
now on at

the right store on the wrong side.

WRAPPERS. Made of fine percale, in all the latest styles and shades, worth \$1.00, 69c

VESTS. Ladies' Jersey ribbed vests, very fine quality, all styles, 12 1-2c
Ladies' Japanese silk vests in white only, worth 37 1-2c, 19c

CORSETS. Summer corsets, perfect fitting, all sizes, 23c

FLANNEL. 500 yds. outing flannel, in checks, stripes and plain effects, worth 10c, per yd., 6 1-2c

CRASH. 250 yds. all-linen crash, the talk of the town, well worth 8c, per yd., 5c

SHIRT WAISTS. Ladies' fine quality percale shirt waists, worth 75c and 87 1-2c, will be sold this week for 37 1-2c
White shirt waists were 75c and \$1.00, this week 50c

HOSE. Gent's half-hose in black and colors, heavy and light weight, worth 19c, 12 1-2c

OUTING SHIRTS. Men's outing shirts, all the latest styles and colors in fine percale, warranted fast color, worth 87 1-2c, at 50c
We are showing a fine assortment of men's negligee shirts in the best shades of blue and ox-blood, well worth \$1.75, our price, \$1.00. All new, up-to-date goods.

All our men's collars, 4-ply linen, best styles, 10c.

Ribbon Bows made free of charge.

D. F. COLLINS,

472 Mass. avenue, Swan's Block, Arlington.

Belmont Crystal Spring Water

BELMONT, MASS.

D. L. TAPPAN, Prop. 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block, VERXA & YERXA, Post-office Block

Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's Drug Store, P. O. Block, will receive immediate attention.

A. BOWMAN,
Ladies' and Gent's TAILOR,
487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

ALTERING, CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING.

FREE! **FREE!**

A Beautiful Oak Rocker given
absolutely free.

Call at our store and procure a special cash offer card. Have the amount of every cash sale punched from the card, and when your purchases amount to \$20.00 return the card to us and we will deliver at your home a splendid oak rocker entirely free of charge. The retail price of the rocker is \$4.00 and can be seen in our show window.

I. E. ROBINSON & CO., POST OFFICE BLOCK,
63 Massachusetts Avenue

Electrical Supplies.

R. W. LeBARON,
Electrician and Contractor.

Electric Flat Irons, Electric Stoves, Curling Iron Heaters, Incandescent Lamps, all styles and candle power. Electric Lights, Bells and Telephones installed. Medical Batteries sold and repaired.

Telephone Connection.
478 Mass. Avenue, Arlington, Mass

JAMES O. HOLT,
DEALER IN
Groceries Provisions,

Agent for the following specialties:

Agnelus Flour, Revere Coffee, Hatchet Brand Canned Goods, Stafford Creamery Butter, Pure Bottled Cream.
Our meats are carefully selected. Our vegetables are grown on Arlington farms. For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.
Stores, 12 and 14 Pleasant Street

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday morning at No. 620
Massachusetts avenue.
•1.00 a year, in advance; Single copies, 3cents

F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.
1 inch, 75c. \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.50 \$4.00 \$6.00
Additional inches at same ratio
Advertisements placed in the local column
10 cents per line.

Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,
etc., 12 1/2 cents per line; nothing taken less
than two lines.

WE PROTEST.

We earnestly protest against the scare
which each of the two great political
parties attempt every four years to be-
get and spread far and wide on every
side concerning the wreck and ruin of
the country, provided one or the other
of the parties succeed in carrying the
election at the polls. In every presi-
dential election the cry goes abroad
that the constitution is ignored, and in-
dividual liberty thereby threatened,
both by the large minority and by the
majority already in power. Now, the
alarm has gone forth that in case Bryan
is elected then our banks must close,
and there must come financial ruin on
every side. Aside from this, it is
claimed by the republican party that in
the event of the success of the democra-
tic party the power to rule and govern
ourselves as a people would be lost, be-
cause Mr. Bryan and his followers do
not believe in what is known as "im-
perialism."

Now all this sort of nonsense is an in-
sult to all intelligent American citizen-
ship. The truth is, the country will
survive and flourish whichever party
may come into power, for we all alike
are Americans. Personally, we do not
want, neither will we have, any man,
however high he may be in official posi-
tion, approaching us with the substan-
tial threat that unless we vote this or
that ticket we shall prove ourselves
traitors to the underlying principles of
democracy. Citizenship is the sacred
right belonging under a government
like ours to every individual, so no man
must assail that right.

Let us for a moment take in the situa-
tion. We are face to face with another
presidential campaign. The conven-
tions have been held and the nomina-
tions made, so that now the forces are
being drawn up, each under its own in-
dividual leadership. The mutterings of
the oncoming contest are even now
heard on the field where the battle is to
be fought with drawn swords. The re-
publican party is evidently to go into
the campaign with the cry that the 16
to 1 ratio means financial death, that
any considerable modification of the
tariff will bring about such a business
depression that our mills will necessar-
ily shut down, and that men everywhere
will hang about our streets, begging for
work, and that the man with the tin
dinner pail will be seen no more. Why
should McKinley or Roosevelt predict
such dire disaster in the event of Bryan's
election? Such talk, as we have already
intimated, is an insult to the American
people. Why should William J. Bryan
desire to prove himself another Arnold?
It is said everywhere, and this, too,
without the asking, that Mr. Bryan is a
most reputable citizen, an excellent
neighbor, a loving husband and father,
and a loyal American through and
through. And besides, he is a christian
man, as is McKinley. Then, why all
this cry of alarm on the part of the pre-
sent administration and its followers?

Why not show average common sense
in the campaign so nearly upon us?
Why not start with the acknowledged
fact that both parties alike are loyal to
republican institutions? That the only
point of difference between the two
great parties has reference only as to
the means by which our government
shall be administered, and that in the
success of whichever political organiza-
tion, the country will live on, and give
employment to its people.

As we wrote in an issue of the Enter-
prise of a previous date, we voted for
Mr. McKinley four years ago, and we
may do so in the coming presidential
election of November. We are, how-
ever, prepared to say this much at this
writing, namely: that we shall not vote
for him under a threat, or under the as-
sumption that he is the boldest of those
called of God. Neither can the party
with which we have acted for so many
years cause us the least alarm by shout-
ing at every turn of the road that Bryan
is not a man to be trusted with public
affairs. So far as we are personally con-
cerned, we propose to do our own think-
ing in all that relates to the elective
franchise. We have heard quite enough
of all this lamb-like goodness in places
of official trust, and we may say we are
getting our fill of "the cowboy of the
west" and the hero of the Spanish war.
What we need to do in our reckoning is
to touch earth, for we are dealing simply
with men who are up for office and who
want naturally enough to be elected.
Unless we are greatly mistaken, this is
to be a campaign of serious thought.
The Philippine question will be re-
viewed from A to Z, monopolies will be
discussed without any apologies being
made therefor, the money question will
be handled without gloves—indeed,
there is to be a going to the bottom of
things in spite of however disagreeable
appearance it may put on the surface of
our public affairs.

Let every man who is to cast a ballot
this autumn for either one or the other

of the two leading presidential candi-
dates see to it that he understands the
situation and that he votes intelligently.

THAT LESSON OF LESSONS.

We are learning here in the moun-
tains that lesson of lessons which should
have been more thoroughly learned
in our earlier life, namely: that he most
lives who touches the individual life at
every vital point. We are altogether
charmed by the entire simplicity of
these country folk. Here, one does not
wait for an introduction. With these
generous hearted and sympathetic
mountaineers a friendly acquaintance
is had at first sight. A bow of recogni-
tion is always given to the passer-by.
In our more or less frequent rides along
these country roads we invariably stop
for a chat with the first man we meet.
Here is a community of good feeling, so
that every one stands ready to help his
brother.

It is our delight to go to the post office,
not only that we may receive our mail,
but that we may meet these country
people coming for miles for their morn-
ing paper and for a good word from
friends living at a distance. We never
fail while the mail is being distributed
of having a pleasant talk with some of
these farmers and their wives concern-
ing their homes and of this delightful
country all about, and we find in every
instance a cordial coming together with-
out form or ceremony. How different
our home life and the home life of every
reader of the Enterprise. In Arlington
as well as in all the other suburbs of
the city, we must show our "papers"
before we can be admitted to this or
that society life. It isn't enough that
the individual may be per se all right,
he must show that his ancestry was all
right. In our larger centers of popula-
tion the man and woman must belong
to "our set" if we are to have anything
in common with them. One's social
life in our larger towns is pretty accu-
rately measured by his church, and even
in that christian organization there are
sub-divisions of social life according as
one may have a front or back setting.
And then men and women in our well-
settled districts often get far apart from
each other in the defence of their own
peculiar religious belief. "I am right
and you are wrong" is always a repel-
lant force. Men and women never come
together on differences of opinion. It
must be a unity of belief that makes us
one. And then again, that accursed
love of money and the pride we so often
take in its possession keep us remote
from each other. These outward super-
ficial differences are what kills out-
right all neighborly feeling.

Nothing can be more refreshing than
to attend the little church near the
White Face post office, where repre-
sentatives of all the religious denomina-
tions worship as one man. There, you
hear no discussion of this or that creed.
In this little church of which we write
there are no seats sold at a premium.
The minister has no fashionable style of
delivery. His prayers are earnest be-
seachings, without any rhetorical or
oratorical effect. The singing is an in-
formal ascription of praise. The adver-
tised solo and duet find no place in the
worship at this little church in this pic-
turesque valley alongside these moun-
tain ranges.

Yes, we are learning a valuable lesson
with this simple and unaffected people.
We are being taught in an objective way
that what men and women most need is
to come into vital contact with life just
as it is. We are not to assume a virtue
that we do not possess. We are not to
have an anxious thought of what may
be or what may not be our standing in
so-called society life. We shall be all
the better with no standing therein.
We are to strip life of all its artificial
surroundings and get at the individual
being. We are to know our man
with all his weaknesses and in all his
poverty. We are coming wide of the
mark in seeming to be what we are not,
and yet that is just what the most of us
are trying to do. Why not own up, and
so prove ourselves real men and women?

These country people here have, so far
as we may judge, nothing about them
of the assumptive. Their lives are as
open and as simple as the day. Their
ambitions come within bounds. They
are not pulling down their barns and
building larger that they may have
wherein to bestow their goods. With
them "sufficient unto the day is the evil
thereof." How the most of us in lives
fractional at best invert terms, and so
get the enumerator for the denominator
and the denominator for the enumerator.
We are greatly at fault in our arith-
metic. Our unit of measurement is all
wrong, so that we can be but wrong in
our reckoning. We must start right if
we are to come out right. No selfish
interest should hide from us the man or
woman who is calling upon us for help.
We are not to get "even," other than
through a good generous act, with him
or her who may have done us a wrong.
And all this is substantially the lesson
we are learning here, surrounded by the
mountains. These mountains are "the
schoolmaster abroad," they teach as one
sent of God. They tell of first truths,
and in so simple and yet in so emphatic
a way that "he who runs may read." Their
instruction relates not only to the omni-
potence of the infinite, but it re-
lates as well to the omnipotence of the
finite, when these lives of ours are re-
duced to their simplest forms.

TWO UNLIKE QUANTITIES.

In many respects nature and man are

two unlike quantities, and never can
there be an equality of ratio existing
between them until man is educated up
to nature, and possibly in many in-
stances he must be made over anew be-
fore the equality of relationship shall be
established, for certain it is that God's
expression of himself in his works, is
perfection itself. We especially ap-
preciate this universal fact with our
present surroundings. Nature is ever
beckoning her children to herself. She
is an everlasting revelation wherever
and whenever seen. She withholds no
secret from those who approach her
with heart and soul and mind and body.
The moment we give ourselves into her
keeping, that moment she gives herself
to us with an entirety which is in no
way less than infinity. She is omni-
scient and omnipotent and omnipresent
through that power which is above all
and over all. Nature with outstretched
arms stands ever ready to receive us.
All who will may come unto her, and
never will she return by servant or
other that biggest lie of all, "not at
home."

It is our rare privilege during these
summer days to stand under the shadow
of these towering mountains and hold
"sweet converse" with them. And
what is better than all else, we, in their
majestic presence, may say whatsoever
we will, feeling absolutely sure of an
attentive ear. We do not so much won-
der after all that there are those who
literally fall down and worship not only
the sun and moon and the myriad hosts
of heaven, but on bended knee cry
aloud to the mountains in voices tremu-
lous with praise. Nature while "she
speaks a varied language," yet she tells
you all. She has nothing to conceal
while she has infinite wealth to reveal
and bestow. As we wrote a friend the
other day, we love these forests and
these valleys and these mountains first
of all and above all because we can get
close to them. They don't keep us at
arm's length on account of any assumed
propriety. They do not ask for our
"papers" that we may approach them.
All that they have is ours if we will but
receive. Nature is always true to her-
self. No action of hers ever gives the
lie to what she says.

But how strangely different it is with
us men and women! The most of us
seem to be just what we are not. The
two lives we live are greatly at variance
with each other. For the greater por-
tion of the time we are busy in our vain
attempts to maintain and defend mere
appearances. We say what we do not
mean, and we mean what we do not say.
We are kept in a constant fret and
worry lest some one will find us out for
all and for just what we are worth.
The most difficult thing in all the world
to accomplish is to get at your real man
and woman. We have been trying dur-
ing these later years to effect this very
purpose, but more frequently than
otherwise have we failed at every point.
Men and women so fence themselves
about that substantially they become
unapproachable. They don't want you
should know them, and they are bound
let what will come that you shall not
know them. That life, in most in-
stances, which we meet in the prayer
meeting or at the social circle or at the
fashionable evening party is not the
real life lived at home. It isn't the life
which touches ours at any vital point.
It isn't the life that gives all needed
sympathy and love. That life which is
to count most must stand out as a re-
velation of its own inner self.

There is not a reader of the Enterprise
who will fail to recognize as true what
we have so unhesitatingly declared. In
every community, Arlington not ex-
cepted, there are today men and women
with forced smiles upon their faces who
are miserably unhappy because their
social outward life does not measure up
to that real life which must be the chief
corner-stone of every happy home, as
well as every happy individual. Why
not throw off our starched fronts and
our evening dress and appear in that
garb in which the world will readily
recognize us?

It is indeed a relief to each of us that
we occasionally run from each other to
the backwoods that we may get out of
sight and sound of each other's voices.
We all more or less tire of playing the
cheat, although we insist on keeping at
the game. No, there is not a man or
woman in Arlington who has not been
worn nearly to death by that life which
is so cold, formal and soulless that it
really repels and kills whatever it
touches. But, thank God, beneath this
false, heartless life there is the true life,
which finds its answering response in
the great heart of nature. Bryant un-
derstood it all, or otherwise he would
never have written "Go list to nature's
teachings."

We have come to believe in that
second birth which shall make us all
the children of the mountains and the
valleys, of the skies above and of the
earth beneath. The world, magnificent
as it is, is ours, so let us lose no time in
getting in line with it.

YOUNG MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

WHITE FACE, N. H.

JAMES A. HANSON, Proprietor.

Attractive accommodations for boarders.

DIED.

BURKE.—In Arlington, July 17, Mary, wife of
David Burke, aged 47 years.

LADD.—In Arlington, July 17, Harold, son of
Charles F. and Minnie D. Ladd, aged 6 years.

WANTED,

By a young man, board and room in an Ameri-
can family. Location must be central. Ad-
dress, A. H., this office.

FARM WANTED.

In Waltham, Lexington or vicinity suitable for
sheep raising; high rough-ground, with some
woodland, preferred. Will buy, lease, or con-
tract with right party for the use of part of
farm and care of stock; price must be low; give
full particulars. P. O. box 2071, Boston. apr26

TO LET.

Nice, pleasant Rooms to let, centrally located.
Apply, 33 Lewis avenue.

TO LET,

For one year or more, HOUSE and GROUNDS at
No. 22 Mill street, Arlington, Mass. Will put
same in complete order. Apply for terms to A.
J. Bastine, 19 Warren street, New York.
feb16m

Boys' Short Pant Suits,

\$1.50, or with Extra Pair Pants, \$1.75.

Call and see them at

L. C. TYLER'S.

EOBERT E. STACPOLE,

TEACHER OF

BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR.

Correct instruments carefully selected
for pupils without extra charge.

40 Mystic Street, - Arlington, Mass.

All the leading magazines

periodicals, etc., at

Reed's News Depot,

POST-OFFICE BLOCK.

dec23ly

J. E. SHIRLEY,

Builder and Contractor.

Jobbing a Specialty.

16 WALNUT STREET.

jet16-m

THE BEST ICE CREAM

is to be had at

KIMBALL'S, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

His Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try
our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

jet16-3m

DAVID CLARK,

23 years in the hacking business, is still at the
same business at

10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON.

Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings,
and evening parties. Also a wagonette for
pleasure parties. Tel connection 12augly

T. M. CANNIFF,

Hairdresser,

643 Mass. ave., Arlington

The Bendix

School of Music.

Piano, Violin
Guitar, Clarinet,

Personal instruction by William
Bendix. The Bendix Orchestra
Music furnished for dances, etc.

Studio, 2 Park terrace, Arlington

J. C. WAAGE,

House, Sign,

and
Decorative

Painting.

JOBGING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

28 Moore Place, Arlington

TELEPHONE, 149-2 ARLINGTON.

A Misunderstanding.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his
wife, "where did all those books on as-
tronomy on the library come from?
They are not ours."

"A pleasant little surprise for you,"
responded the lady. "You know, you
said this morning that we ought to
study astronomy, and so I went to a
bookshop and bought everything I
could find on the subject."

It was some minutes before he spoke.
"My dear," he then said slowly, his
voice husky with emotion, "I never
said we must study astronomy. I said
that we must study economy."—Pear-
son's Weekly.

The Same Old Way.

Curious Old Lady—How did you
come to this, poor man?

Convict—I was drove to it, lady.

Curious Old Lady—Were you really?

Convict—Yes; they brung me in the
Black Maria, as usual—Collier's Week-
ly.

The oldest German coal mines were
first worked in 1106. They are near
Worms. England did not begin to
mine its coal until the fourteenth cen-
tury.

A. L. BACON,

Mason and Contractor.

All Kinds of

Jobbing, Whitening, Fire Places and Boile
Settings.

LOCKER 58 MYSTIC. Lock Box 45, Arlington

Telephone 133-3.

Order Box at Peirce & Winn Co.

RESIDENCE, CCR. MYSTIC STREET AND
DAVIS AVENUE.

Peirce & Winn Co

Dealer in

Coals, Wood, Hay, Straw

Grain, Lime, Cement, Plaster,
Hair, Fertilizers, Sand, Drain
and Sewer Pipes, etc.

Teaming Pillsbury Flour, New England Gas
and Coke Co's Coke

Arlington, Arlington Heights, and Lexington

Post-office Box B, Arlington

Telephone, 8-2 Arling on

George A. Law,

Hack and Livery Stable,

Mass. Ave., Arlington

Having practically rebuilt the inside
of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I
am now prepared to take new boarders.
I secure first class board and right prices.
Teams sent and called for.

Monument View Store,

305 Broadway,

LEONARD H. PAYNE

PROPRIETOR.

A full line of

Choice Family Groceries

at Boston prices. Don't go to
Boston to make your purchases.
All orders delivered.

dec22ly

HAVE YOUR HORSES SHOD

AT

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

21 MILL ST.

Special attention paid to Over-
reaching and Interfering
Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced
workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called
for and returned.

Tel. 82-2.

J. H. HARTWELL

& SON.,

Undertakers

and Embalmers.

Medford st.

W. G. KIMBALL,

Contractor and Builder,

Shop, 003 1/2 s. ave.

Medford st.

CHAS. GOTT

Carriage Builder,

450 Mass. Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS

Jobbing in all branches.

Fine Painting a Specialty.

JOHN F. NOLAN & CO.,

RU ER-TIRED

Hacks & Carriages

FURNISHED

For Funerals, Weddings, Even-
ing Parties, etc.

RESIDENCE: 58 WARREN STREET.

JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

28 Moore Place, Arlington

TELEPHONE, 149-2 ARLINGTON.

A Misunderstanding.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his
wife, "where did all those books on as-
tronomy on the library come from?
They are not ours."

"A pleasant little surprise for you,"
responded the lady. "You know, you
said this morning that we ought to
study astronomy, and so I went to a
bookshop and bought everything I
could find on the subject."

It was some minutes before he spoke.
"My dear," he then said slowly, his
voice husky with emotion, "I never
said we must study astronomy. I said
that we must study economy."—Pear-
son's Weekly.

The oldest German coal mines were
first worked in 1106. They are near
Worms. England did not begin to
mine its coal until the fourteenth cen-
tury.

J. E. LANGEN,

HAIRDRESSER,

Cor Mass. Ave. and Mystic St.

Children's hair cutting a spec-
ialty.

nov253m

nov253m

nov253m

Arlington Sea Food Market

311 BROADWAY,

Opposite Soldiers' Monument.

One of the Cleanest in the State!

NO FISH CART!
All goods delivered
from Chopped Ice
directly to your house.

ALL KINDS OF FISH IN THEIR SEASON.

G. W. RUSSELL.

Telephone 56-5.

dec23ly

Arlington House

Arlington, Mass.

J. C. RAUCH, Proprietor.

Accommodations for transients and table
boarders. Stable connected. Telephone 56-2.

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

Oct7 ly

ARLINGTON NEWS.

Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

Mr. W. N. Winn and family are at Monomet.

Officer Irwin is all smiles over the arrival of a bouncing boy.

The committee on Traders' day announce the round trip to be \$1.

Mr. J. H. Rowe and family are having a delightful time at Raymond, N. H.

Mrs. H. A. Kidder and her sons, Herbert and Harold, are at West Falmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Leetch of 30 Gray street are enjoying themselves at York, Me.

Mrs. N. S. Whittier and daughter are at Mass., where they will stay till September.

Mr. L. J. Jackson is confined at his home on Central street with a bad case of blood poisoning.

Those wishing boats for the band concert should leave orders with Mr. Kaulbeck early.

Chief Harriman has had as a guest this week his nephew, Mr. William N. Field of Bangor, Me.

Preaching at the Baptist church tomorrow will be conducted by Rev. J. S. Swann of New Bedford.

During the hot days this week many of the older as well as younger residents took a dip in Spy pond.

Mr. Wendell P. Yerrington and family have gone to the state of New Hampshire for their vacation.

Do not forget to buy your fish of W. H. Webber & Son this hot weather. They carry nothing but the best.

No finer flavored and better quality of ice cream was ever sold than Kimball's at the heights. It is delicious.

Mr. C. T. Lusk, who has been visiting his home at Leominster, returned Thursday. He reports an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Geo. T. Freeman, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Sophia W., will spend a short season at Medina, O.

Slowly but surely the spires of St. Malachy's church are rising heavenward, the work being pushed vigorously.

The showers of Wednesday came as a blessing and greatly cooled the air, which had been so oppressively hot.

Mr. John C. Waage and family are spending their vacation of two weeks at Camp Twilight on the Concord river.

By all means see the ball game today between the old Arlington team and the Boat club nine. It will be a great game.

The Arlington Fife and Drum corps were out Thursday evening for practice in marching. They made a fine showing.

Miss Hattie Snell, a teacher in the 2d grade in the Crosby school, is enjoying her vacation with her parents at Holbrook.

The heat of Tuesday and Wednesday was unbearable, the glass reaching 100, and many cases of prostrations were reported.

Mr. N. V. Marcotte, who for the last eight years has been foreman for Mr. N. J. Hardy, severed his connection on Monday last.

The list of assessed polls was completed at this office this week, and will be ready for anyone who wishes the same Monday.

Mr. E. S. Storey, superintendent of Mr. N. J. Hardy's ice cream department, has been laid up this week with muscular rheumatism.

Driver Mead of Chemical 1 is now on his two weeks' vacation. He will spend them quietly at home. Driver Austin is taking his place.

Driver Sullivan was out of the house with the ladder truck last evening just as five blows of the first round of box 52 was sounded. A record breaker.

All who have not turned in their subscriptions to Mr. W. A. Muller for the band concert should do so now, thus assuring the full course. Be prompt.

The contract for the removal of the gravel in a section of the new part of the cemetery calls for the removal of 5000 cubic feet, covering 15,000 yards.

In the race at Combination park on Tuesday evening Mr. E. J. McGrath won third money with Laloo, a horse formerly owned by Mr. Mark Sullivan.

Harold, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Ladd, of Willow court, died Tuesday after a long and painful illness. The funeral was Thursday.

During the storm of Wednesday the float of the Boat club for the band on Spy pond was torn from its anchorage somewhat, and one of the anchor ropes parted.

The next band concert will occur Monday evening on Spy pond. It is hoped the float will be brought much nearer shore, and thus enable a better hearing of the music.

Mr. A. M. Miller received a compound fracture of the leg Wednesday by a runaway team on Robbins road, and was taken to the Mass. General hospital by Mr. L. L. P. Atwood.

The Rev. James Yeames has had very large congregations during the summer, many guests coming from Robbins Spring hotel to attend service. St. John's church will not be closed this summer.

Mr. Charles P. Ladd received from his son, Charles P. Ladd, Jr., who is serving in the Philippines, and who has seen some severe fighting, a box of cigars made on the island. He prizes them highly.

There was no end of fun for certain individuals last evening. One tried to put a finished look on a pane of glass while another thought a fire escape a necessary article and a collection box equally so. Next.

At last, after many weeks of patient waiting, the front of the bank building has been finished. The large plate glass windows and handsome doors are in place. The largest glass measures 95x125.

There was a special service at the Universalist church last Sunday, composed of singing, and at the close all joined hands and sang "God be with you till we meet again," which made it very impressive.

The congregations at St. John's church are very large, the seating capacity being taxed to its full limit. Many of the hotel people attend the service. Rev. James Yeames would not consent to have his church closed.

The service in the First Parish (Unitarian) church tomorrow morning will be the last before vacation. The church will be closed until Sept. 9. During vacation the auditorium will be newly carpeted and the outside of the building will be painted.

The electric lights which are placed back of the arch of the altar of St. Malachy's church were lighted last evening and many of the parish were present to witness the beauty of the new marble altar and the decorations. The sight was a magnificent one.

Mr. John Skinner, who was employed on the farm of Mr. J. J. Lyons on Broadway, was overcome by the heat and taken suddenly sick after supper on Tuesday evening, and was conveyed to the Mass. General hospital, where he died on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Mary Burke, an old resident of the town, living at 47 Park street, died on Tuesday of cancer of the face, and was buried from St. Malachy's church Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, high mass being celebrated by Rev. J. M. Mulcahy. The interment was in St. Paul's cemetery. The deceased has a son, David, in the Philippines in the U. S. army.

Mr. N. J. Hardy, our popular baker and caterer, was suddenly taken ill in his office last Tuesday evening, and had to be taken home in a carriage. Mr. Hardy was evidently overcome by the heat and overwork caused by the hot weather. As we go to press we are informed that he is considerably better, and hopes to be out in a few days.

For eight weeks past Supt. Chapman has been relocating lots in the cemetery which will be recorded in books at the town clerk's office for future reference. A complete list of the dead has never been kept only up to a few years, but now means will be taken to record each and every person buried there, which will be about 5000.

The dedication of St. Malachy's church will occur on Sunday Oct. 28, Archbishop Williams officiating. The Rev. Mgr. Thomas Maginnis of Jamaica Plain will sing the mass and deliver the sermon. Bishop Harkins of Providence, R. I., former pastor of the church, is expected to be present and officiate at the pontifical mass of dedication.

Mr. L. Wilson Tay of 207 Summer street has returned from a rather limited visit at Newport, R. I., owing to his engagement as organist at the Arlington Heights Baptist church during Mrs. Wanamaker's absence, and although he has never studied music, much praise is due Mr. Tay for the efficient manner in which the music was rendered, and many compliments were tendered him by his numerous friends.

The Wetherbee Bros. are wide awake, and ever looking for improvements. This week they have taken off the old double doors of their store and put in a new single door with a large pane of glass. It has greatly added to the appearance of the store, and with the new screen door, will greatly improve the main entrance. This firm are not only doing a large bicycle business, but have all they can do in watch and clock repairing.

The first muster and prize contest for the season will be held at Pepperell on Saturday, July 28, which will be attended and participated in by the Arlington Veteran Firemen's association. A special train has been chartered on the Pitchburg railroad, to leave Boston at 8.05 a. m., Cambridge 8.15, Waltham 8.30. Tickets at reduced rates will be on sale on Monday first by the committee: Messrs. Warren A. Peirce, A. A. Tilden, W. P. Schwamb, W. J. Sweeney, Walter H. Peirce, Patrick J. Ahern, Timothy J. Donahue. Early application for tickets is requested. Eureka has been behaving beautifully at the practice playouts, and great things are expected. Get your tickets, boys!

We desire to call the especial attention of our readers to the advertisement in this issue of James A. Hanson, proprietor of Young Mountain house. The house is not a hotel, but a private house, neatly kept, within five minutes' walk of post-office and telephone, situated on an eminence, having a delightful view of the mountains. The farm grows nearly every variety of vegetables, berries and fruit. The house affords delicious milk, and it has at the order of its boarders two safe horses for the road. Facilities for fishing, the best. We know of no place where for six or seven dollars a week any one could find a more restful spot for his vacation.

Robbins Spring Hotel is more popular this summer than ever, every room in the house is occupied and rooms are engaged several weeks in advance for the next three months. Mr. L. B. Williams is acting as manager. Several

improvements have been made in the interior, the most attractive of which is a sun room which is protected by glass and prettily furnished. This room commands that magnificent view of country of which Charles Sumner has said that "no more beautiful view can be found in all the world." The first hop of the season was held on Tuesday evening under the management of Mr. L. R. Goulding. Miss Lothrop and Mrs. Baldwin made things pleasant for the invited guests. There were several pretty dresses worn, Miss Atwood looking especially charming in blue organdie with black trimmings and white lace guimpe. Refreshments of ice cream, frappe, and punch were served and music was by Williams' orchestra.

The Rev. Dr. Shinn, rector of Grace church, Newton, preaches at St. John's church, Academy street, tomorrow morning. Service at 10.30.

The Rev. James Yeames is to preach on Boston Common, in the service conducted by the Episcopal church, Sunday afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

The rector of St. John's exchanges with the Rev. G. W. Shinn, D. D., of Newton, on Sunday morning.

Correspondence.

White Face, N. H., July 18, 1900.

Dear Enterprise: There is no little fun in being a correspondent for a live newspaper. In the first place there is a greater margin allowed: the correspondent than is granted the editor. In our weekly letter we can write of happenings in an informal way. We are given a greater latitude in our grammar when we move our chair up alongside of yours for a talk, while in our editorials we are supposed to have on our thinking cap. In our correspondence we write of things as they happen, while editorially we are supposed to write of things that may happen. In short, the one condition is a world of fact, while the other is or ought to be a world of logical reasoning from right premises.

But to our letter. Since our last we have witnessed several exhibitions of nature which were of exciting interest to us. The one was a thunder storm, which set off these mountains and this long stretch of valley with brilliant and startling effect. The shower came up in a stealthy way from behind Black Mountain and was on us in all its potential fury before we knew it. The lightning played as it seemed to us in an exceedingly careless way along the mountain sides and leaping from peak to peak, followed immediately by the crashing thunder, and all supplemented by floods of rain and hailstones of threatening size. When to all this was added the sweeping winds, the picture was made complete. We can assure our readers that during that first thunder storm in the mountains we were on our good behavior. To get the scene as it actually was, it must be remembered that the clouds were half-way down the sides of the mountains, with here and there a peak daring to show itself, so that we were hemmed in on all sides by the fury and the lashing of the storm. It was, indeed, a sublime spectacle to see, and feel that nature was asserting herself. We are sure that if the readers of the Enterprise could have seen this storm with the magnificent sunset that followed they would simply have expended themselves in exclamation and interrogation points. But why attempt to describe the various scenes of sky and earth on that memorable Thursday of last week? One might as well attempt to paint the rainbow or the heaven of heavens. We intensely felt it all and appreciated it in a way that thrilled soul and body, but we cannot tell of it. Set your most vivid imagination at work, and possibly you may approximate the magnificence of a scene that we nor no one else can describe.

And then the full moon has been showing itself for the past few evenings to the best possible advantage. Take one of the easy chairs on the verandah and sit alongside of us and watch for the coming of the full-orbed moon. Far away over the mountains in Maine we notice the brightening tints of the east flashing up, so that one might easily mistake the hour for the dawning of the morning. But a moment later we see the upper limb of the moon making its appearance in the eastern horizon. Now just watch for its full coming. Its illuminating and silvery rays make their way up this beautiful and attractive valley of 75 miles in length, until at last we are flooded with the generous, softened light of this "queen of night." The sides and tips of the mountains have now caught the greeting and benediction of this majestically-risen moon, while the clouds are reflecting along their outer lines the splendour of its far-reaching rays. This scene has been to us for the past few evenings one of rare inspiration. Its poetry and its sentiment have awakened us to all the best that nature has to offer out of her prodigal store.

The atmosphere here is so much clearer than in our larger towns and cities that even the stars take on a brilliancy and proportion not seen elsewhere. O those evenings, how subduing!

"There is an evening twilight of the heart When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest."

On Saturday we varied our program, so that we all made Bear Camp lake, a sheet of water some ten miles distant. The lake takes its name from the supposed fact that years ago the bears of the forest with their dear little cubs used to come down to its waters to slake

their thirst after having eaten a full-grown man. Let that be as it may, the lake is a beautiful sheet some five miles in length by a mile in width, with surroundings of valley and mountain. We all rowed upon its waters, while some of the party bathed in its depths. We had a delightful trip to and from, and a most enjoyable day there, and we es, caped what is sometimes considered a luxury in these parts, a bear hug.

It may be very accurately guessed by our readers that we are taking dreamy and soothing comfort in more ways than one in our mountain home. Who is more contented than we, as we lie in our hammock catching the cool, soft breeze at first hand, while so many of our friends in Arlington and in the city near by are sweltering, it may be, with heat? Our prayer is, "O, Lord, make us truly grateful for this ozone of the atmosphere and these refreshing winds." And we would have you know that we are thoughtful enough to pray with a good deal of unction for those perspiring, wilted ones at home.

We must not forget to tell you, Mr. Enterprise, before closing this letter that Mr. Bullard of Academy street has sent up two large megaphones—one for us and one for a neighbor living a half mile distant, so that now we easily exchange our morning greetings. Indeed our conversation can be heard easily a mile away. We are now within sound as well as within sight of all that which makes life most desirable.

But we must stay our pen for our usual afternoon trip to the post-office. A letter from a friend in this home all by ourselves is like a word from a far country, and, besides, the Enterprise is taken out of the wrapper with lightning despatch upon first receiving it, and we read it from beginning to end, and then re-read it from top to bottom.

WILSON PALMER.

The scenic splendor of New England's lake regions is known the world over, and gradually these lakes have become the sauntering place of hundreds, yes, thousands, of pleasure seekers. And this popularity is accounted for in many ways, but the greatest attraction, no doubt, is the pure air which pervades these lake regions. Fine scenery is not lacking, neither are the recreation features wanting. Every lake in northern New England is bountifully stocked with the choicest varieties of fish, and fishing alone is an enticement of importance. The Boston & Maine Railroad reaches all of the important lakes in the East, including Winnepesaukee, Sunapee, Memphremagog, Moosehead, Rangely, and a hundred others fully as noted. That the tourist may know of the varieties and beauties of the lakes three booklets, "Lake Sunapee," "Lake Memphremagog" and "Lakes and Streams," have been prepared by the General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, and will be sent you upon receipt of a two-cent stamp for each book. Another pictorial publication issued by the company, known as "New England Lakes," is sent upon receipt of six cents in stamps, and is one of the of the handsomest portfolios ever issued.

MUSIC & FRENCH.

MADEMOISELLE STEPHENS,

late of Paris, France.

Will give lessons in Music and French at pupils' houses. Terms reasonable. Write or call.

355 MASS. AVENUE.

Had Seen Them All Before.
Once while James Whitcomb Riley was visiting a southern town where he was booked to give a reading a committee called to take him in a carriage over the city. In acknowledging the compliment he said:

"I'll go with you, gentlemen, provided you promise that you will not show me the new courthouse, the new town hall, the new bridge, the new gas well, the new school building and the new jail, for I've seen them all a hundred times in as many towns, and they invariably wear me out before the time arrives for the curtain to rise on the evening entertainment!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Finished Speech.
Miss A.—When I'm asked to sing, I don't say, "No, I can't sing," nor wait to be coaxed, but sit right down at the piano and—

Miss B.—Leave the company to find it out for themselves.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Goat Didn't Know.
"Oh, my dear daughter," to a little girl of 6; "you should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma," excitedly, "the billy-goat doesn't know it!"—Trained Motherhood.

Mexican Letter Writers.
Perhaps there is no more characteristic sight in Mexico than the so called "evangelistas" who ply their trade in the Plaza de la Belem and the Plaza de Santo Domingo. Those who operate in the former spot make a specialty of writing letters to the inmates of the prison for their illiterate relatives on the outside, but the "evangelistas" who may be seen any day in the Plaza de Santo Domingo do a general business.

They write love letters, blackmailing letters and all sorts of letters for those who do not know how to write at a rate of 3, 6, 9 or more cents, according to the length of the missive. They also undertake without extra charge to write the address on the envelope and to attach the required stamp, but for the latter they make an extra charge of a cent. It is hardly necessary to state that only very ignorant people, who are totally unacquainted even with the simple formalities of mailing a letter in addition to not knowing how to write, have recourse to the evangelistas for stamps.—Mexican Herald.

ROBBINS SPRING HOTEL

Arlington, Mass.

The most healthful and delightful winter home in the north. Convenient to trains and electric. Commands a magnificent view. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Carriages always at Robbins road. Telephones, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, golf links, music.

Terms: \$3 per day, \$12 to \$20 per week,

Telephone, 155-4 Arlington

L. B. WILLIAMS, Manager.



Something Sweet and Tempting.

can be found at all times in our choice baking of ornamental and layer cakes, fancy cakes, loaf and fancy cakes, fine pastry, delicious breads, rolls, biscuits and bake-stuffs of all kinds, that will suit the most epicurean palate. Don't waste time and money baking when we will serve you with goods baked from the highest grade materials at low prices.

N. J. HARDY.

Baker and Caterer,

657 Mass. Ave.

J. W. HARRINGTON,

SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.
Business established about 1858.

Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.

All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining, painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st.

Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

IF YOU WANT

Ice Cold Soda, Moxie, etc.,

CALL IN AT

A. A. TILDEN'S

Arlington Central Pharmacy

ESTABLISHED 1883

618 Mass. Ave.

Enterprise \$1 a Year.

Johnson's Arlington Express.

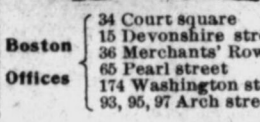
J. H. EDWARD'S Prop.

Main Office, Monument View House.

Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Order Box Faneuil Hall Market.

Baggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.



If you have any Expressing, Piano or Furniture Moving to do please give us a call.

We have the largest business and can give better results than any other express in Arlington. Telephone, 122-3 Arlington

Two Trips Daily. First Team Due at 1.30 p. m.

Established 1826.

Arlington Insurance Agency

George Y. Wellington & Son, Agents.

Eight Mutual Companies, Ten Stock Companies. Office open daily

and Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Savings Bank Building, Arlington Avenue.

CAREFUL WORK,

intelligently done by skillful workers, and carried out under our personal supervision, insure

Perfect Style, Fit and Finish

in all made-to-order garments.

Glad to have you examine our handsome line of Overcoating, Suits and Trouser Goods.

Special attention given to Dyeing, Pressing and Repairing Clothing of all kinds.

JOHN D. ROSIE,

Ladies' and Gent's Fine Tailoring,

P. O. BUILDING, ARLINGTON.

KNOWLES & MARDEN, PLUMBERS.

Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,

Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings

483 MASS. AVENUE.

Boston and Maine R. K. Southern Division.

Summer arrangement. In effect June 25, 1899.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—4.45, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.34, 9.04, 10.07, 11.19, A. M. 12.18, 1.00, 2.18, 3.34, 4.46, 5.12, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, P. M. Sun day, 9.24, A. M. 12.08, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, 11.25, P. M. Sun days, 9.27, A. M. 1.00, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.

Brattle—4.47, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.21, A. M. 12.20, 1.02, 2.20, 3.56, 4.48, 5.21, 6.00, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, P. M. Sun days, 9.27, A. M. 1.00, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.

Arlington—4.50, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.32, 7.59, 8.42, 9.09, 10.10, 11.22, A. M. 12.12, 1.34, 2.12, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, P. M. Sun days, 9.30, A. M. 1.05, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, P. M.

Lake Street—5.08, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.03, 8.30, 9.03, 10.15, 11.26, A. M. 12.25, 1.08, 2.25, 4.01, 6.34, 8.26, 9.49, 10.23, 11.08, P. M. Sun days, 9.33, A. M. 1.05, 2.31, 3.20, 4.43, 6.38, 8.34, P. M.

*Express.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.35, 2.17, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sun days, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 4.17, 5.17, 5.31, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sun days, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.25, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.04, 5.31, 5.55, 6.04, 6.17, 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sun days, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

*Express.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Pass and Ticket Agent.

No Glasses at all

Is certainly better than to have the wrong kind, for by using those which are unsuitable, new errors of refraction are caused. But with the right glasses, original, progressive or acquired errors are corrected and pass away as if they had never existed. I take great pains with my corrections and my fittings, and make no charge for thorough examinations.

FRED W. DERBY,

Refracting Optician,

458 Massachusetts Avenue

DR. RING'S Sanatorium,

Arlington Heights, Mass.

Eight miles from Boston.

For Nervous and Chronic Diseases in both sexes (mental cases not received). Location high, healthful, restful and invigorating. Especial attention given to Electro and Hydro therapeutics. Telephone 5-2 Arlington. Physicians. Allan Mott Ring, M.D., Arthur Hallan Ring, M.D., Barbara Taylor Ring, M.D. Illustrated booklet sent on application.

Subscribe

for the
Enterprise.
\$1 a year.

HOW TO LIKE WAGNER.

Scenic Accessories Are Necessary to a Perfect Realization.

The strict Wagnerite refuses to hear the music of his favorite composer in the concert room. It was never intended, he will tell you, to be performed by itself, but to be played as an accompaniment to the action, for the purpose of heightening the effect of the intensely dramatic situations coupled with gorgeous stage pictures that are inseparable from Wagner's famous art work.

The most important part of a Wagner opera, according to the composer himself, is not the music, but the drama, which, indeed, the beginner should closely follow with the aid of the book of words, since the music is usually sung in German words.

The intending Wagnerite should also begin with the master's most popular works, "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." He will then at once recognize the familiar music he has already heard so often at concerts, and, struck by its beauties, he will attend many performances of these two. Next year he will want to hear these again, supplemented by "Tristan and Isolde," that wonderful music drama so charged with intense emotion and passion. Having heard "Tristan" and liked it, he thereupon becomes a full fledged Wagnerite in the true sense, and the season after he attends performances of the "Ring der Nibelungen," or he may make a supreme effort to get to Bayreuth. From Bayreuth he returns the ardent disciple of a musician whose name he terrifies his friends by pronouncing in the German fashion, not Wagner, but "Vaachkner."—London Mail.

Living on the Bynaws.
Rufus Choate once by overwork had shattered his health. Edward Everett expostulated with him on one occasion, saying:

"My dear friend, if you are not more self considerate, you will ruin your constitution."

"Oh," replied the legal wag, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I'm living on the bylaws."

Some of the greatest fishing grounds of the great lakes are in the Georgian bay district. From the cold, deep and clear waters of Georgian bay thousands and thousands of rocky islets rise.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Miss Helen McDonald is at Belfast, Me.

Mr. Walter B. Farmer has returned from his outing.

Kimball's ice cream is the talk of the town, and his sales are increasing.

Mrs. Clarence T. Parsons is visiting with her parents at Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. J. E. Jernegan entertained the Sunshine club on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. J. Prescott Gage is enjoying a summer outing with his family at Ellsworth, Me.

Miss Ethel Goodwillie of Westmoreland avenue is having a pleasant time at Berwick, Me.

Miss Ruth Shaw, a sister of Mrs. B. G. Jones, is at South Berwick, Me., for her summer outing.

Mrs. F. M. Goodwillie has returned from York Beach, Me., where she enjoyed a long vacation.

Mrs. A. M. Davidson of Crescent Hill avenue has gone to Portsmouth, N. H., to visit her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Lemuel Pope.

Messrs. Harold Patterson and George Lloyd are enjoying themselves in their canoe, certainly an excellent way to enjoy a vacation trip.

Mr. W. G. Kimball, carpenter and builder, is at present at West Springfield, N. H., where he has purchased 175 acres of land, mostly wood land.

Messrs. C. H. Jukes and John Barker went on a fishing trip last Saturday, and we understand they caught a string of large fish, the name not being known.

News at the heights this week is very limited, so many of the people being away and the social societies of the churches taking their accustomed vacations.

Mr. George O. Goldsmith, who for a number of years resided on Whittemore street, has moved into the house recently purchased by him, known as the Hewittson estate in Lexington.

Mrs. Benj. G. Jones and daughter, of Lowell street, have gone to Bedford, Quebec, and from there they will go to Montreal, High Gale Springs and Ausable, N. Y., thus making a most delightful trip.

Mr. James Hay has been enjoying himself at West Springfield, N. H., for two weeks. He reports that during the days we were sweltering with the heat he was standing beside a stove evenings to keep warm.

Mr. Burrage of 60 Claremont avenue has greatly improved his residence since moving in a few weeks ago. A coat of paint has given the house a fine appearance, while it is brightly illuminated by electric lights in the evenings.

Mr. Archibald Beaton, a brother of Mr. Alexander Beaton, the builder, who returned from the Klondyke some time ago, is spending a short time at Prince Edward Island. Mr. Beaton's trip to the gold region was a very profitable one, and he will return again in the fall.

Crescent Hill avenue has been considerably improved lately, and it is to credit of Mr. Kirchmeyer and other public-spirited residents of that locality that so much has been accomplished, they having contributed to a fund to defray the expenses of the improvements. Mr. Kirchmeyer himself, it is understood, made a very substantial donation.

The fire department turned out with alacrity last evening about 8 o'clock to respond to an alarm from Crescent Hill. The fire started near Mt. Gilboa, and run into the woods, originating, it is supposed, from some smouldering embers of the recent fire. At one time it looked as if a serious conflagration would ensue, but the promptness of the firemen prevented it.

There is not a street in Arlington so crowded with people on Sundays and holidays and especially during the warm summer evenings as is Dundee road at the Heights. This road leads directly to the Arlington Heights Park, and it is estimated that from 8000 to 10,000 people visit this locality on every pleasant Sunday, while on holidays the number is far greater.

Tuesday morning the main pipe on the high service broke just back of the abutment for the new bridge on the Crescent hill side. The break was a bad one, water flowing out in great volumes over the land and being at considerable depth on the track. The water was shut off and a connection made from one hydrant to another by means of hose, to supply water takers. A temporary pipe will be laid on the surface until the broken pipe can be taken out and a new one put in.

Last Friday evening there was a happy gathering of friends and relatives at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schwamb, 29 Lowell street, it being given in honor of the 21st birthday of their son, Mr. Clinton W. Schwamb. The mother and sisters had tastefully decorated the house for the occasion, and Chinese lanterns were used profusely on the exterior, giving both the inside and outside of the house a very pleasing effect. The evening was passed very enjoyably, there being musical selections and games, and an appetizing collation was served and heartily enjoyed. The son was handsomely remembered on this great event, and will carry through life many pleasant memories of the occasion. Mr. Schwamb is a young man of rare ability, and has a host of friends, who on this occasion showed their high regard for him.

The annual fishing excursion of the North Cambridge and Arlington employees of the Boston Elevated Railway was held last Monday. The party consisted of 64 men from Davis square, W. S. Merrill, and went to Swampscott, where Capt. H. H. Swett, the one who got the fish from Arlington Heights, was William Murray, Carroll Young, Chas. Turner, R. F. Spalding, W. A. J. J. Hennessey, Arthur White, and William Vidito. A rooster was taken to the party. There were several prizes for catching the largest fish. Benj. Mowley won

the second for the second largest, and James A. Craigie won the booby prize for catching the smallest eatable fish. All were cash prizes. The fish dinner was well relished by the whole party. They reached home at 7.30 p. m. Mr. Thomas Hughes, a noted fisherman, was not present on this occasion.

SERMON.

Preached in St. John's church, Arlington, Mass., on Sunday morning, July 15, 1900, by the rector, Rev. James Yeames:

Matthew vi-28. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

As we sit at the feet of the son of God and listen to his wondrous words we cannot marvel that the common people heard him gladly. Such was the clearness, the beauty, the force of his speech that all ears were arrested, all hearts touched. Opponents were won; the prejudiced were disarmed; the indifferent aroused. "Never man spake like this man!"

While the discourses of our Lord owe their great power to the truths which with such force and simplicity he declares, much of their charm is due to the beauty and aptness of the illustrations by which they were illuminated.

Here as we listen to this sermon on the mount, we stand under the cloudless blue of the eastern sky. Beneath our feet spreads the green turf. The leafy trees spread grateful shade, and the "fowls of the air" make their nests in the branches.

And everywhere there are flowers. In their season, the white blossoms of olive and almond. At our feet the lily, the foxglove, the poppy and the rose.

And now as the Saviour speaks, flowers and birds are enlisted to enforce and illustrate his teachings. The good providence of God, the benevolence, the wisdom, the wealth, the tender thoughtfulness of our father in heaven, these are revealed in fullness of light and loveliness.

How foolish is fretting, how futile is anxious care. How wearying and vain and wicked is worry, seeing that God is father and we are his children! "Consider the lilies, how they grow!" They spring, they flower, they burgeon into a regal beauty surpassing the purple and jeweled splendor of kings. "God clothes them." "Behold the birds of the air!" They neither sow nor reap, nor lay up in store. Free, and happy, and beautiful, and careless, they sing and fly! "Your heavenly father feedeth them."

- So nature has a voice for God.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to our fancy num'rous teachers,
In lonelest nook.

"Neath cloistered bough each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from the voice of low'ers and doves,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!"

First, then, let us consider the testimony of the flowers as to God.

What universal and eloquent witness do the flowers give as to the wisdom and power of God!

All over the surface of this globe are they scattered, in endless variety and boundless profusion.

How innumerable are the species! What varieties of form, and color, and fragrance! What a kaleidoscope of transcendent beauty is a garden of flowers!

Glowing with imperial magnificence, robed in radiant purity, or clothed in hues of exquisite delicacy, what a creation of beauty is even a single flower. Human skill may fashion a mimicry of the blossom, but where is the fragrance, where the honeyed nectar, where the glowing and fruitifying life? "Consider the lilies, how they grow!" The lily bells as they swing in the summer breeze whisper God. The roses as they breathe their incense of perfume on the air offer worship to God. What must be the beauty of that divine mind which designed every flower that bloomed. What the wisdom and power which created and "clothes" them in their infinite diversity, of form and odor and hue.

So the flowers call us to worship, and proclaim the infinite goodness and wisdom, the almighty power of God. The earth, no less than the heavens, declares the glory of God; the round world, no less than the over-arching firmament, showeth his handy work.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowers under us,
Stands the revelation of his love."

2. How forcible and eloquent also is the testimony of the flowers to the benevolence of God. As the heavens are over all, and the stars shine everywhere, so the flowers grow for all men in all the world. In the utilitarian estimate of things flowers have small value. Of what worth is the lichen on the stone, the moss in the crannied wall, the daisy in the meadow grass? How little they would be missed by a money-making and mercenary world!

3. Yes; and here we reach the great lesson of the flowers, as taught and emphasized by the Master himself. The ministry of the flowers is a testimony to the presence and providence of God.

You have heard of the traveler, alone and despairing in the desert, whose faith and courage were revived as he discovered amid the dry and barren waste a solitary flower. That little, lonely witness spoke volumes for the beauty and tenderness, the skill and power of the Divine Love. Not more eloquently did the burning bush in the desert of Midian proclaim the presence of God to Moses than did the wild flower of the wilderness speak the name of God to the African traveler. Wherever there is a flower—yes, though it be only one of the "flowers of the field"—there is God. God's thought, God's remembrance, God's care, God's provision; and, "all in all," and best of all, God's fatherhood. The beauty of God, the wisdom of God, the omnipotence of God, all blossom forth in a field daisy, a wayside violet, a Hawthorn blossom, even as in the queenly lily and majestic rose.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet, I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying: What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewith shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye

have need of all these things."

II. But not only does the voice of the flowers give testimony to God. The flowers have a ministry of admonition and comfort for man.

1. The flowers suggest to us the growth and beauty of a holy life. How marvelously are we shown that by the power of God purity and beauty may be made to spring from darkness and the dust. How dry and unlovely and unpromising this shrunken bulb! How dark and cold its grave-like home in the soil in which it is buried! Yet, from the clod springs life and beauty from the mire! "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Jno. 12:24.

So, when a man, yielding to God's will, surrenders the old self and dies unto sin, he is touched with a new life, and born again, born from above. Quickened by the spirit of God, he rises up into newness of life. He is born into the kingdom of God. He was dead in trespasses and sins; he is alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Buried with him through baptism into his death—planted together in the likeness of his death, it is ours also, in the likeness of his resurrection, henceforth serving not sin, to walk in newness of life.

3. And then, the growth of a beautiful, vigorous, fruitful, Christian character—how delightfully suggestive and inspiring is the ministry of the flowers, as we consider "how they grow." All that can feed and upbuild is assimilated by root and leaf. God never forsakes his garden. His flowers are never left unpotted and alone. "My Father is the husbandman." How wondrously the Bible interprets nature! How vividly nature illustrates the Bible.

See how the heliotrope turns ever to the sun; and pray ever: "Make Thy face to shine upon thy servant!"

Mark the creeping and climbing plants, how they cling and stretch, and lay hold with tendril fingers, mounting up ever nearer to the sun! Read the floral poem; and even convolvulus and clematis may teach you to sing and pray: "Simply to Thy cross I cling!" Your lot in life may be lowly, and your place obscure. Yet, remember that hidden violets can fill all the air around with fragrance!

Is yours "the trivial road, the common task," yours, not to dwell with the delicately nurtured and tenderly sheltered, but with the flowers "of the field"? Yet, every daisy may drink in the sun; and each day's eye, with golden shield and silver coronal, become a reflecting image of the orb of day. Are your surroundings dark, forbidding and unfavorable? Out of the foulness and darkness of the mire the lily lifts its pure chalice! If God loves beautiful flowers—and he must love them, or they had never been—how much more does he love beautiful souls! Set the music of the Saviour's words to a higher key; give them a deeper, a diviner rendering; and know that it is impossible for you to exaggerate their significance or to transcend their truth. "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? O, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and they shall become your possession. The highest blessings shall not be withheld, and the lower gifts shall surely be added unto you."

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment, and the soul more than the body, and the life immortal more than that which is physical? "Be ye transformed by the renewing of the spirit of your minds." The word of command is the word of promise, and the word of promise is the word of power.

2. Beauty and usefulness, loveliness of character and lovingness in service—may we not gather hints and reminders as to these from the flowers? See how these calyxes hold honey for the bee, and pollen that shall fertilize other flowers, or water that shall assuage some thirst, or perfume, that shall refresh the faint! Mark how the blossom is the pledge and precursor of the fruit; and be not slow of heart, but learn divine lessons from these silent yet eloquent teachers. Beauty and strength, sweetness and nobility, purity and service—these are the complementary elements which make up the ideal character at which we aim. Nor is the ideal a vain vision, delightful but delusive. It is the plan and "pattern of the heavenly," after which the grace and power of God are to model us; for he hath predestined us to be conformed to the image of his son. And in Jesus Christ we see the perfect man, and hear him say: Follow me! "Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. But we know that when he shall appear we shall see him as he is. "As he is"—so shall we be; and his glory shall be reflected in us, and we "transformed into the same image" by the spirit of our God.

3. One other lesson only we linger to gather, as we listen to the voice of the flowers. "The grass withereth, the flower thereof fadeth," and all the glory of man is as the flower that fadeth away. Who of us has not felt keenly the solemn admonition of the withering petal and the fading leaf? "We all do fade as a leaf." Yet, if the flowers admonish us of the shortness and certain decay of the life that now is, they are radiant with the light of the life which is to come. The lily-bells chime the glad peal of life and resurrection, for all that in their fading they must ring the knell of earth and time. That which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest not that body which shall be, but a bare grain. But God giveth it a body as it pleased him, and to every seed a body of its own. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. And so is death swallowed up in victory!

Thus, walking among the flowers, this summer morning, we have found ourselves within the very temple of God, and have beheld his glory.

So, with illumined eye and open ear, let us learn heavenly lessons from earthly things, and find in nature, a revelation of God. Let us more than ever "consider" the lilies. They are all designed and fashioned, painted and perfumed by God, ever the Father. Evidences of divine power, love and wisdom, they are types of spiritual renewal and pledges of resurrection. Images of our mortality, they breathe the hope and prefigure the glory of immortality, and prophesy of fields "where everlasting spring abides, and never-ending flowers."

MARRIAGE.

Thou art my own, my darling and my wife,
And, when we pass into another life,
Still thou art mine. All this which now we see
Is but the childhood of eternity,
And thou and I, through trials and through tears,
The joys and sorrows of our earthly years,
Are growing up into a single soul,
God's workmanship, a clear completed whole,
Made out of twain. Our love is but begun;
Forever and forever we are one.
—Spectator.

THOROUGHFARE GAP

BY M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.

Lee was moving to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The mountains hid his marching columns from sight of the Federals, and at every gap in the Blue Ridge he left a force with instructions to hold out to the last and give him all the time possible to reach and cross the Potomac. It was the aim of the Federals to break through at some point and penetrate his movement, and there was fighting on every mountain trail and at the mouth of every mountain gap. The major general had said to the brigadier ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare gap:

"I do not know how many Confederates are holding that gap, but be the number 500 or 10,000 you must break through. That is the order—break through. If only one man of your command is left alive, he will bring us the news we want."

And the major general on the Confederate side had said to the brigadier: "You will detach one regiment of your command to hold Thoroughfare gap. It must be held against the Federals for three days. We can spare only a single regiment. If there is but one man left alive at the end of that time, he will follow on and overtake us."

A narrow wagon road, twisting and turning between walls from 20 to 100 feet high, with alternate spots of sunshine and gloom—that was Thoroughfare gap. As the skeleton regiment of 600 Confederates entered it and pressed forward to its western mouth, its ruggedness and gloomy solemnity brought a feeling of awe. It reminded them of a tomb, and they shuddered to think of dying in the semidarkness. Two fieldpieces rolled along with the regiment of infantry, and the jar of the heavy wheels loosened a stone now and then to come clattering down from far above. When a blue brigade came clattering up, it was to find the 600 in possession and the position one which the dullest private must see was well nigh impregnable. Every hour was worth a thousand lives to the Federal army, and the Federal brigadier lost no time in beginning the attack. In the open he would have gobbled up that skeleton regiment at a dash. Behind a rocky wall hastily thrown up, with no way to get at the enemy except in front, his surplus of men did not count. At the sound of the bugles they dashed forward with cheers, but not a man got within five rods of the wall. Grape and canister and bullets tore the lines to pieces. It was tried again and again. The orders were to break through the gap. A thousand dead and wounded would be a cheap price for the information to be had at the other end. Artillery was brought forward to batter down the wall, but it could not be placed to advantage. The pieces had only been fired once when their crews lay dead or wounded and the carriages were shattered. The Federal brigadier rode back and forth and stormed and swore and almost wept.

"Whether 500 or 10,000, you must break through!" were the orders, and if he failed to carry them out his career as a soldier was at an end. An army of 200,000 men was waiting to checkmate Lee. A whole nation was waiting to hear the splash of Confederate feet in the waters of the Potomac. The men in blue could hardly find company in the mouth of that defile. A charge against the wall meant death to every other man, but they formed up and charged and cheered and died. After half a day of bloody fighting the Federal brigadier rested. He was still bleeding from a wound when he opened a dispatch and read:

"You have one of the best brigades in the corps, and it is certain you are opposed by only a handful of Confederates. By 9 o'clock in the morning you must have authentic news of Lee."

The brigadier had sacrificed 600 men that day, and he could not believe the Confederate loss to be over 50. There was but one way to reach them on the morrow—over that stone wall. He would drive them or die with the last man. There was no jollity in the Federal camp that night. Men will sing or joke as they swing into battle line in the open, but these men peered into the darkness of the gap and thought of the dead in front of the stone wall and spoke to each other in whispers. It was a brave sight to see them swing into line as the sun gilded the tree tops. Every face had its pallor, and every eye looked into the midst of death, but there was no lagging or faltering. You saw them tightening their belts and setting their jaws as they waited, and you held your breath for the signal which was to send them to death.

On the other side of the stone wall there was no exultation. The dead and the wounded were comparatively few, but every hour would add to the number, and only one day of the three had passed. The colonel knew what was coming and prepared for it. When the blue lines, ten deep, came dashing forward, they met with such a hail of iron and lead that the first three or four were blotted off the face of the earth. Then, under the smoke cloud, some of them wounded and all desperate, the other lines crept forward, and the wall was reached. It was a hand

to hand fight now, and every man was a devil, and after a quarter of an hour of bloody fighting the Federals held the position. The dead lay three deep below the wall, but the living stood upon its crest and cheered and cheered again. But the cheering soon died away in growls and oaths. A quarter of a mile above, at a bend of the ravine, there was another stone wall, and the Confederates had simply withdrawn to the new position. They had lost 150 men, but the Federal brigade was no longer a brigade. It lacked a full regiment. That night the brigadier had another wound, and again there were orders from the major general:

"We must have news of Lee at every hazard. Unless you break through at once your resignation will be accepted."

A dark and narrow ravine, up which only eight men abreast could make their way at once; at the turn a stone wall, defended by two guns; behind the guns the muskets of the infantry. "You must break through," repeated the brigadier over and over again. He knew that he could not do it. He knew that the best he could do was to pile up more dead in the dark ravine. When morning came, he stood on a knoll and looked down upon the sun bronzed and waiting veterans, and it was like a knife in his heart to give the order to attack. A single bugle call, and the column dashed forward. There was never a cheer nor a shout. Men who feel that they are going to certain death do not cheer. They draw a long breath, choke back the gasp in the throat and rush forward with heads down. In ten minutes it was all over. The wall had been reached and fought over, but it could not be held. As the last few living Federals came limping back the brigadier sat down and wept. Orders, orders, orders! And yet he felt himself a murderer. More Confederates had fallen, but the force was yet strong enough to hold the gap. If he could not carry it, he would be disgraced. Like the brave man he was, he took the one way out of it. At high noon the column was formed again, and the brigadier put himself at the head of it. Officers groaned and privates murmured to see him there, but he was firm. He led in the dark—he was the first to reach the wall—he mounted it and cheered his men in the fight which won it. But when it was won he lay among the dead, and the Confederates retired less than half a mile to a third wall. Two days had passed, and yet the Federals had not broken through. Then another brigade came marching up, and there was another brigadier to take command. He saw the situation as the dead general had seen it, but he had less feeling. Column after column was formed up and dashed against that third wall and driven back, but in the end he won. It was 20 lives for one every time, but under his orders he could have doubled the sacrifice.

At dusk on the evening of the third day the last Confederate infantryman had passed the gap on his way to the Potomac, and the head of the column was in Pennsylvania. Lee had played his card and won. Not a gap had been carried, and the news of his whereabouts had come from other sources. There was a last stone wall in Thoroughfare gap. Behind it 100 Confederates crouched and waited. Their two fieldpieces were useless for the want of ammunition, and their muskets were alone to be depended on. As the sinking sun filled the ravine with deeper gloom 500 Federals made a last charge. They had to tread the dead under foot to do it. That was the fourth charge of the day, and it was checked as the others had been. It simply meant more dead and wounded to choke that narrow way. Hundreds had been dragged out, but hundreds still remained. When night came down, 50 men with powder stained faces, who had scarcely broken their fast or closed their eyes for 70 hours, silently marched out of the gap and headed for the north in the wake of the invading army. There was no colonel, no captains, no lieutenants. A sergeant commanded the remnant, and his command was:

"Out of h—ll and into Pennsylvania—forward—march!"

And when the long night had passed and daylight came again the Federals found the stone wall undefended and clambered over it and ran to the mouth of the gap to shout to each other:

"Lee has passed, and we are too late!"

A Jail Cure.

The late Sir John Bridge, the well known London magistrate, was fond of telling his friends of a curious letter he received not long before his retirement from Bow street. It ran:

"Sir—I am sorry to occupy your time, but I feel I